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PUCK.

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NOTICE.

No portion of this paper will be sold for use in campaign documents or for other political purposes. No exception will be made to this rule. PUCK'S print and pictures are for the people; not for the politicians.

CARTOONS AND COMMENTS.

See If You Can Make Any Change Out of That!
 PUCK IN 1880.

"The next largest delegate-owner is James G. Blaine, a tricky politician, of fishy character."—PUCK, June 2nd, 1880.

PUCK IN 1884.

"A man whose nomination is an insult to the country, whose election would be an ineradicable disgrace."—PUCK, June 11th, 1884.

The plain old copy-book morality seems to have gone out with the plain old copy-books. We have now the "Spencerian" system of penmanship and the Blainian system of morals. There is not much character about either. But in the days when boys learned to write a fair round hand with a quill-pen, they were sometimes "set" this copy:

A Man is Known by the Company He Keeps.

What is more, he was taught to believe it.

What is the company that the Republican nominee for President keeps? Ask yourself. O feeble shouter with the blainiac crowd. Is it not as though the reveillé of the Plumed Knight had awakened all the corrupt dead of the last decade? Here they come flocking to the standard—Star Routers, ring men, jobbers and lobbyists and dishonest folk of every sort. From Jay Gould down—or up—they are "satisfied"

with the nomination. And in their case, "satisfaction" may be defined as a lively sense of favors to come. And this is the element that is attracted by the magnetic power of Mr. James G. Blaine. This is the company he keeps. How shall we judge him?

Of course, it is of no use talking to the bull-head idiot who "will vote the Republican ticket if the devil is at the head of it," and who boasts of his idiocy. That particular variety of ass is past all reasoning with. He is a curse sent by the powers above to plague corrupt and overfed parties. He must be left to do his own fatal work, for he is the man who brought the party to this pass, and he is the man who will bring the party to an end very soon.

He is really a man without principle or conviction. At bottom, you will find him a coward. When there is a fight on hand, he wishes, for his own safety, to join the crowd that is shouting the loudest, and among that crowd he will shout every one. His enthusiasm is overpowering, and his loyalty is beyond the sway of reason and common sense. Yet, when his party is overthrown, and another crowd is howling louder, you will find that he has flopped over, and is splitting his lungs for his new masters, without a thought of the old.

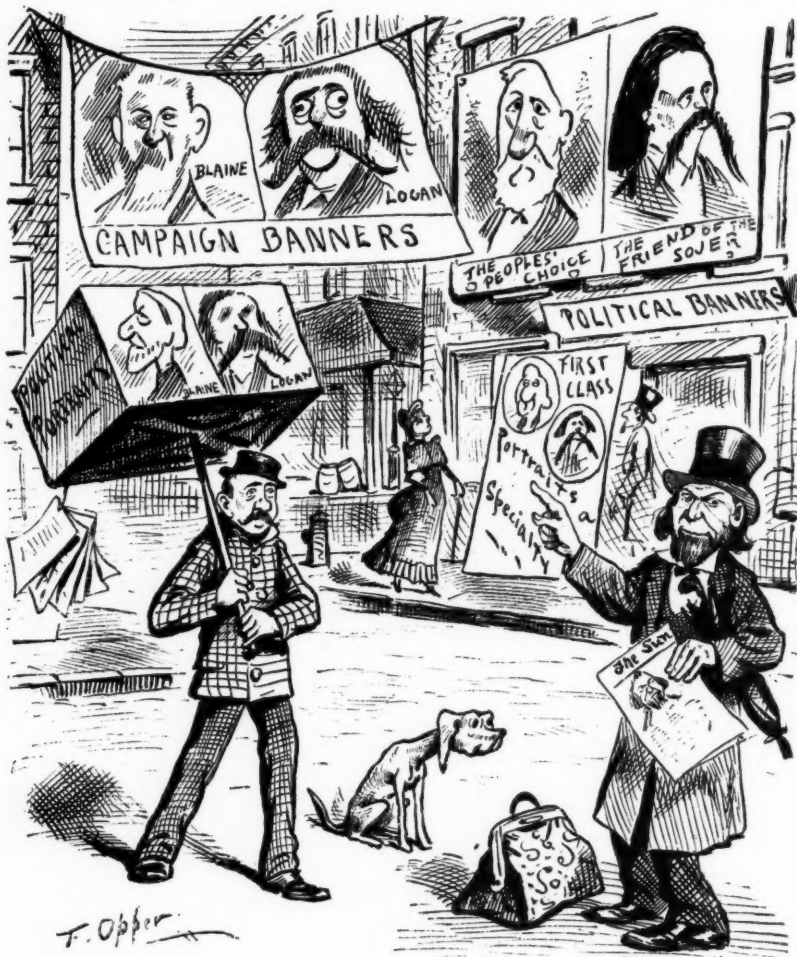
But to the sincere and thoughtful voter who goes apart with himself, so to speak, after the first flush of partisan enthusiasm is over, there must come a strong conviction that the pure and high principles for which he loves his own party are not likely to influence the course of a low and unprincipled nature intrusted with the powers of high office. The Republican Party, with the devil at its head, will not make

more for good government, certainly, than the Democratic Party, with a sound, honest man to lead and control it.

The sober citizen who thinks of this will be likely to drop out of the horde of blainiacs before next November. Well for him if he can join an opposition army led by such a man as Grover Cleveland! For Cleveland, better than any other man in the country—not excepting Bayard, fine statesman and good man as he is—can lead the allied forces of the Independents and the Democrats to victory this Fall. More, he may perhaps lead many of them to a position of political independence which they will not soon abandon at the call of tyrannical party leaders.

Some of our exchanges call the cartoons which show Mr. Blaine as a tattooed man blasphemy. We can remember the time when Tweed and his partners were cartooned in anything but a complimentary manner to themselves, and every one thought the cartoons splendid, and never expressed a word of sympathy for the Boss. We can also remember when Horace Greeley was weekly held up to ridicule. We can likewise remember when Hancock was treated the same as Greeley. We have seen him represented with his legs twice too long for his body, and wondered why the artist didn't learn to draw. And yet, in these cases, everybody laughed, and thought it a good joke, and didn't call it blasphemy. It is never blasphemy to caricature, or rather show a politician up in his true light, unless he is a Republican. Then it is a sin and misdemeanor. Judas Iscariot must evidently have made an error in judgement and joined the Democratic Party.

VICTIMS OF THEIR OWN PORTRAITS.



HOLMAN.—"NOW THEY WILL KNOW HOW IT IS THEMSELVES!"

MISS MAUD MONTMORENCY.

THE UNRIVALED SERIO-COMIC CANTATRICE
AND NEW YORK NIGHTINGALE

IN HER NEW SERIES OF CAMPAIGN BALLADS.

NO I.—ON MY KNEES TO MULLIGAN.

"On the Beach at Long Branch."

*Penseroso con sentimento.*

On my knees to Mulligan, one fine Summer's day,
I was humbly praying he wouldn't give me away,
When the thought came o'er me, with apprehension
blent—

Wouldn't this be awkward if I ran for President?
People are so stupid, prejudiced and dull—
How should I explain it?—on my knees to Mull!

On my knees to Mulligan—yes, it gives a shock
As if some one hit me with a Little Rock,
For, howe'er you put it, it is very clear
That for any statesman that position 's queer.
People are so stupid, prejudiced and dull—
How should I explain it?—on my knees to Mull!

On my knees to Mulligan—that 's the thing that sticks!
Many a time before that I've been in a fix—
But my explanations—and I've loads on hand—
Can not make this case look innocent and bland.
People are so stupid—people are so dull—
How should I explain it?—on my knees to Mull!

Previous unpleasantnesses fade away,
If I but compare them with that awful day;
For that lorn position never could be meant
For a fellow fated to be President.
And people are so stupid—people are so dull!
And I *can't* explain it—on my knees to Mull!

"THE SOUL OF BLAINE."

"A shrill yell as of thousands of wild animals went
through the hall **** It was the soul of Blaine abroad
among the people."—*N. Y. Tribune*, June 6th, 1884.

BALTIMORE, JUNE 16th, 1884.

To the Editor of PUCK—Sir:

Now you take my advice, and cease your abuse and
slander of Jas G. Blaine, because he is bound to be our
next President, and woe be unto you and your country,
because there are hundreds of thousands of *Americans*,
all the young blood of this country who will gladly fol-
low our glorious leader, in wreaking vengeance on your
fatherland. How dare you a common immigrant, who
would sell his brother's reputation or even his own for a
dime or two,

How dare you I say blaspheme the name of our glo-
rious leader Jas G. Blaine. We are going to elect him,
we I say, we the bone and sinew of this country and we
will not allow a refugee from the slums of Germany to
interfere. AMERICA.

We gladly take the opportunity of meeting a
typical, though anonymous, friend of Mr. James
G. Blaine to make a few brief remarks on a sub-
ject which seems to have worried many of our
Esteemed, but Misled, Contemporaries.

This paper is an American paper. It is con-
ducted in an American spirit, and it aims to be

a factor in the social and political progress of
the American nation. The men who control it
have been brought together by a common am-
bition and a common hope. Some of them
were born in this country; some were not. All
meet on the same ground; all work to the same
end, in the firm belief that he who works most
earnestly, faithfully and unselfishly for America,
and for the cause of purity in American poli-
tics—which is to-day the cause of the nation—
is the best American.

And if any one does not like this theory of
Americanism, he may go off by himself and
make up his mental vacuum to the fact that for
some time to come he will have to see that
theory put into practice with all the power that
lies in men inspired by a higher and broader
loyalty than his own.

BALTIMORE, Md., June 12th, 1884.

To the Editor of PUCK—Sir:

You would oblige me by publishing in your valuable
PUCK the inclosed utterance of my feelings toward the
next President. I have composed it while sitting under
the old tulip-trees at Lake Roland.

Very truly,

JOSEPH MERREFIELD,
Poet and Art Critic.

JAMES G. BLAINE.

[For the American.]

Shout the battle-cry of Maine,
James G. Blaine! James G. Blaine!
States, take up the proud refrain,
Let it ring o'er hill and plain,
From the mountains to the ocean,
Emblem of his friends' devotion—
James G. Blaine! James G. Blaine!

From Chicago's lake-bound shores,
California's land of ores—
From the cities to the sea,
Send forth shouts of victory;
Seal in thunder through the land,
We, the "people," all demand
James G. Blaine! James G. Blaine!

Illinois proclaims the man,
Let Ohio lead the van.
Pennsylvania and Maine
Say their choice is James G. Blaine;
And the Empire State will show
That their people love and know
James G. Blaine! James G. Blaine!

LAKE ROLAND, June 6th, 1884.

J. M.

With pleasure, sweet Merrefield. It is a beau-
tiful poem. Yet the sweetly solemn thought
comes to us o'er and o'er that we could improve
it if we only had a meat-axe handy. Nay, gay
child of nature and limpid-souled loungeer under
the tulip-trees, even with the length of gas-pipe
that generally lies around our office, waiting for
poets and things—even with that humble in-
strument we have braced it up a little. See
here—

Shout the battle-cry of Maine,
J. Guano Blaine! J. Guano Blaine!
States, take up the proud refrain
For the man of Mulligan,
From the rolling Saginaw
To Little Rock and Arkansaw—
J. Guano B.! J. Guano B.!

From Chicago's hide-bound shores,
Where the scream eagle soars,
From the land of far Peru,
Where the guano decks the blue,
Comes the warrior-cry elate
For the sunstroke candidate—
J. Guano B.! J. Guano B.!

Polish up the old bazoo,
Cover up the old tattoo;
Smirched and soiled with many a stain,
Whoop it up for Guano Blaine—
Is his record slightly off?
Why—at Honor's self you scoff;
And the syllogism is plain—
He 's your man—J. Guano Blaine!

There you are, Merreweather. Read that
under the shade of the tulip-trees.

Puckerings.

AME VENUS, list my simple
prayer!Give me a breath of coun-
try air;At Newport or at Mount
Desert,Or anywhere where people flirt;
Nor let me suffer from a dearthOf Summer dresses built by Worth;
Give me an ample tennis-ground;With coy flirtatious nooks around;
Give me a Tam O'Shanter red,To top with taking tone my head;
Give me a man—a simple man—As plain and simple as you can;
To hang around, in flannels drest,Obedient to my least behest,
To bend his knickerbockeredknees
As often as I chance to please.That 's all, I think. You 'll note
it down?Ah—really—thanks—
Yours,

NELLIE BROWN.

P. S.—Please take especial care
To make the man a millionaire.

CASTLE GARDEN—Along the Rhine.

THE MAN who can get through the gray mat-
ter of his brain the condition of things in the
Soudan by means of the telegrams, should be
the man to straighten out Grant & Ward's ac-
counts.

It is reported that the extraordinary exertions
of the *Tribune* have caused it to muss at least
ten yards of Hamburg edging within the last
three days. If it goes on like this it will split
its chemisette.

FROM NEUFCHATEL we learn that the manager
of a bank has committed suicide because he
had embezzled the bank's funds. If the rule
were followed here, banks would have to be run
without managers, and a Coroner's jury and a
coffin kept ready for emergencies in the presi-
dent's office.

MR. BLAINE'S attention is called to the fact
that even a man of his magnetism can't hold
up the dear old faith of his Puritan fathers in
one State and be Roman Catholic enough to
please the flannel-mouthed Irishmen in another,
without straining a moral constitution that has
been pretty well weather-beaten before.

ONE OF OUR Philadelphia contemporaries,
which is naturally about three years back of
this campaign, groping with brotherly love in
the shades of the dim past, has found out that
PUCK said in 1881: "If brains ever made a man
President of the United States, brains will make
Mr. Blaine President." So we did say. So we
say now. But brains without honesty *won't*
make a man President; and we don't believe
there ever was a time when they could. And,
O E. C., if you want your readers to catch the
flavor of one or two other things we said of
Mr. Blaine at the time, suppose you reprint the
article of which those words were a part?
Won't eh? Well, here's some of it:

"He has not an absolutely unblemished rec-
ord. *** Is it not a disgrace, indeed, that one
should talk about electing to the highest office
in the nation a man of whom an honest, un-
prejudiced and unbiassed journal has to say
that, although he is clever and strong, 'he has
not an absolutely unblemished record'?"

Now, do you want to find out what we
thought of Mr. Blaine in 1880?

THE HON. EPHRAIM MUGGINS.

HE DISCOVERS A NEW INVENTION.—THE EXTRACT OF HASH. A PANACEA FOR EVERY POLITICAL ILL, AND FOR THE EFFECTUAL REMOVAL OF TATTOO. ONLY ONE CENT A GALLON. THE GREATEST BOON TO THE BOARDING-HOUSE KEEPERS.

One of the most important cereals known to modern horticultural and agricultural science is hash.

If farmers only knew—but what are such a precious lot of lunkheads expected to know, anyway, in these degenerate days, when any chuckle-brained idiot who barely knows enough to plant a crop of tripe and raise Bologna sausages fancies himself a farmer?

If farmers were only educated to know the vast importance of this cereal as a factor in the great problem of cheap transportation, and how essential it is in the political economy of this great nation—especially during the progress of an overheated and intemperate political campaign—they would devote a much larger area of their arable pastures to its culture than is their present wont.

It is a fruit that exhilarates and inebriates, but doth not intoxicate. It develops the intelligence without hilarity. It assimilates with the digestive functions without rupturing the epigastrium. It quietly submits to the action of the ptyalin, and is readily converted into saccharine by the diastase with which it comes in contact. It is largely composed of albuminoids, fibrinoids and celluloids, and is easily emulsified by the action of the pancreas after it passes through the pylorus into the duodenum. It is not a mere stimulant, but is rich in nitrogenous properties, and is, properly speaking, rather a nutrient than a therapeutic.

It was first tried on a dog by a distinguished French vivisectionist, with the most violently satisfactory results, and has ever since been one of the chief factors in the menu of every well-regulated boarding-house. The dog died.

Finding that I was not likely to be nominated for the Presidency, I turned my attention sporadically, so to speak, to agricultural pursuits, and, having accidentally ascertained the unusually large diastatic properties of this herb, I at once invented one of the most astounding discoveries of the age.

The world owes Professor Liebig a monument more lasting than brass or marble for having invented the Extract of Hash.

And, next in order, I claim the honor of whatever modest merit may attach to my great discovery of the Extract of Hash!

It is at once the embodiment of the concentration of all that is noble, refined, exalted and intrepid in the exhaustless category of human *pabulum*.

It is the realization of the fondest hopes of the poet's dreariest dreams. Ah, well I remember, when I was "but a little peevish boy," how joyfully I looked forward to each succeeding Sunday morning, when we were sure to have either baked beans, fish-balls or hash—especially hash!

Some love to roam
O'er the ocean's foam,
Or through the waves to dash;
And some prefer
The Oyes-ter—
But give me hash—plain hash!

Just the regulation boarding-house hash, without any vanilla-flavor or other nonsense.

Considerations of this nature induced me to give my time, attention and concentrated energies to the invention, discovery and manufacture of the Extract of Hash, which bears the same relative proportion to crude hash that the Extract of Beef does to the wild Texas steer.

I have gone largely into the manufacture of this delicious beverage. I started without a cent in the world—in fact, I was deeply in debt—and I began by erecting an enormous factory

COMPETITION DECLINED.



I.
I 'm a livin' curiosity,
I 'm covered wid tattoo
In variegated patters,
In black and rid and blue.

II.
For me name is Costentenus—
I'm a Greek—but sure that's lyin',
For I came from Tipperary,
And me cognomen 's O'Brien.

III.
I 'm a-goin' to rethire,
And the reason—this is why:
There 's a bigger curiosity
In the tattooed line than I.

IV.
Shure I fooled the darlin' public
Wid the shtry of me skin;
But the other fellow bates me
In takin' people in.

V.
For I niver dilt in Little Rock,
Nor guano from Peru;
Nor got this blissed counthry
In a diplomatic stew.

VI.
And I niver s'iled the mem'ry
Of Donnybrook the Fair,
By gitting down upon me knees
To a man from County Clare.

So me decorated cuticle I 'll niver show again:
Hinceforward I'm O'Brien, he, "Costentenus Blaine."

G. LARRABEE LUM.

covering twenty-five acres of solid ground, for which I paid over \$3,000,000 in cash. Then I contracted with the owners of all the principal cattle-ranches in Texas and New Mexico to furnish me with one hundred thousand head of cattle a day. I also contracted for one thousand car-loads of potatoes daily.

I expended \$5,000,000 for new and expensive machinery, so ingeniously constructed that when the cattle are driven in at one end of my immense factory, and the potatoes poured into a vast hopper about amid-ships, the whole comes out at the other end of the huge laboratory hot, limpid, toothsome, invigorating and nourishing Extract of Hash, ready barreled for shipment.

I have neither "time nor tide" now to enter upon a full exegesis of this grand new American product; but suffice it to say that I offer it to the intelligent politicians and other depraved citizens of this country as one of the most soothing and emollient compounds that is known to *Materia Medica* or the *Pharmacopoeia*; and is just the thing to heal the lacerated and abraded surface of the outer cuticle, or the interior membranous tissue of the inflamed diaphragm. It is one of the grandest preparations of the age. It costs only a cent a gallon, and a pint will go as far as a barrel-full of the ordinary regulation hash.

It may be relied on to sere the conscience of the most unscrupulous politician, and to completely disguise every trace of tattoo, however ineradicable or ineffaceable, from the most leprous and unprincipled schemer that ever undertook to beat Ben Butler in a square scrub-race for the Presidency.

It is the only positive remedy for the most desperate cases. Only one cent a gallon! Try it, and see how easily it will raze hair from bald heads.

Yours horticulturally,

EPHRAIM MUGGINS.

THE JOYS OF CIVILIZATION.

He had carefully folded his ulster and put it away a few weeks ago.

A novel entitled "Hyjkitkizj" lay by his side, which he had just been reading.

"Is life worth living?" he inquired of himself: "Yes; the Summer season is approaching," he muttered: "the waiters are in force, and the dime-museums are being renovated."

He would pose on the sand and watch the merry bathers. Sherry-cobblers cost twenty cents each, and the waiter expected a quarter "tip."

The waiter was a German count in disguise.

A five-cent cigar would modestly call for ten cents. The same attractions would be there this season that were there in times gone by.

Red and blue parasols would dot the seashore and the hotel verandahs.

The "masher" would appear in all his glory, and father's right boot would pine for something to do.

A hotel-clerk would carelessly venture in the sun, expose his shirt-front recklessly, and get sunstruck for running opposition to Old Sol.

He would sit by the hour and listen to the chirping of the dime-museum man, and wonder which dictionary he had swallowed—Webster's or Worcester's.

Then he would wander on the beach and watch the "female girls" pass by.

He would run across the Sea Beach Minstrels, drink lager-beer, and try to laugh at jokes that were sour when Marc Antony met Cleopatra.

"Life is worth living during the Summer season, anyway," he said, as he looked out of the window.

W. L. C.

Rejected articles, ill-writ, mis-spelt,
Are not returned by PUCK or *Um die Welt*.

THE AMERICAN TOURIST AND THE BRAVE BRITISH BULL-PUP.



"Ha! A beastly traveler from the States."



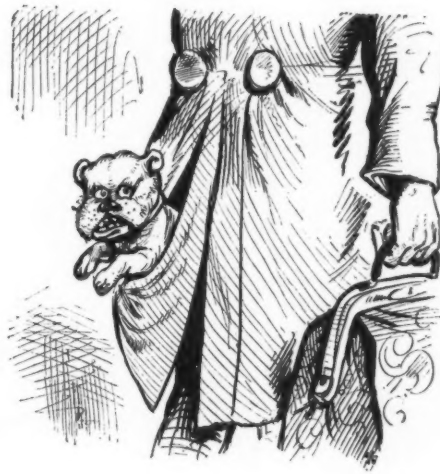
"At least he smells like one."



"I'll just keep close to him."



"He shan't escape me!"



"If he tries any of his tricks with me, I'll make him howl."



The Brave British Bull-Pup Sat On.

DRESS REFORM.

For the past few years the air has been fairly blue with wild cries for dress reform. It has been suggested that colored dress-suits be adopted, and some of the swell tailors are still clamoring in their loudest key for this departure. They want every man to have a dress-suit that he can not use every time he needs one, the argument being, of course, that a man would be obliged to have three or four suits for variety, just as women have a number of dresses, that they may not be seen in the same one twice.

There have been all kinds of suggestions for reform in dress, and that brings us to ours.

It is a well-known fact that from time immemorial the convicts in Sing Sing have worn striped suits, and have been obliged to submit to the unpicturesqueness of close-cut hair and clean-shaven faces.

In other words, they have been made to look like prize-fighters from head to foot. This we consider a very unjust reflection on the pugilistic class. Prize-fighters are not thieves; therefore it is nothing less than a gratuitous insult to them to cause convicts to resemble them.

In fact, the convicts should be obliged to dress as the thief dresses, and appear generally as the thief appears. Therefore the convicts should be made to look like Wall Street men and the religious hypocrites who are always coming to grief while marching under the banner of the righteous. It would look much better—if only for the sake of variety—to have the convicts cracking stones in broadcloth garments

and in white high hats, and it might make them feel happier. They should all be obliged to wear neck-whiskers and long white hair, that they might look like retired merchants. It would cost very little to provide them with wigs, and a very good imitation of gold-rimmed spectacles might be had cheap. They should be compelled to wear black vests—always baggy and too large for them—and likewise a certain percentage of them should have artificial teeth, and be obliged to redden their faces up, to look gouty.

This would be a genuine dress reform, as well as a reform that would have good effects in various other ways. It would show people the kind of man to avoid in every-day life. The picture of a white-haired veteran with a ball and chain annexed to his blue-checked uppers would be a warning in itself.

Therefore we suggest that the convicts be attired at once in the style of the hypocrites and thieves who call open gambling "speculation," and commit their nefarious acts under the name of "business."

OVER IN the meadow

The clover's two feet high,
Above it floats the bumble
And eke the butterfly.
But sweeter than the meadow,
In fragrant charms arrayed,
Is this old porch and hammock
And honeysucked shade,
With Maud and lemonade.

INFRINGEMENTS BEWARE!

G. LARRABEE LUM'S PATENT.

To all whom it may concern:

Be it known that I, G. Larrabee Lum, of Communipaw, New Jersey, have invented a new and useful improvement in Gibes, of which I do hereby declare the following to be a full, clear and exact description, sufficient to enable those skilled in the art to construct and use my invention.

The invention consists of a gibe, jest, witticism, pun or joke, to wit:

On and after next November
The weather will probably get colder,
And the Tail of the Republican Party,
Being older
And wiser, will suddenly remember
That the services of a chiropodist
Economize pain,
When devoted to the curing of a
Chill-Blaine.

I claim as my invention, and desire to secure by Letters Patent:

- 1.—The combination of the Blaine and the chill, substantially as described.
- 2.—The combination of next November and a cold day, and the residual Blaine.
- 3.—The combination of Blaine and the Tail of the Republican Party and a chiropodist, as and for the purpose set forth.

In witness whereof, etc.

G. LARRABEE LUM.

Witnesses:

W—w R—D. }
WILLWALLY FLEPS. }

NOT BEFORE.

The cows will fly high and the eagles crawl
When Mr. Blaine's elected;
You'll never hear "Over the Garden Wall"
When Mr. Blaine's elected;
Mr. William H. Holman will cease to object
When Mr. Blaine's elected;
And Baptists will join the Catholic sect
When Mr. Blaine's elected.
The national game will be tit-tattoo
When Mr. Blaine's elected;
A sixty-day note will never fall due
When Mr. Blaine's elected;
Ben Butler will look at the universe straight
When Mr. Blaine's elected;
And club men will never stay out after eight
When Mr. Blaine's elected.
The races at Sheephead will be on the square
When Mr. Blaine's elected;
The "L" roads will charge not a mortal a fare
When Mr. Blaine's elected;
The "finest" will unlicensed groceries pull
When Mr. Blaine's elected;
And Wall Street will know not a bear or a bull
When Mr. Blaine's elected.
Gold dollars will sell for a quarter per pound
When Mr. Blaine's elected;
Billy Patterson's mauler will surely be found
When Mr. Blaine's elected;
Good clothes will be sold at a dollar a suit
When Mr. Blaine's elected;
And roosters will cackle and lay the hen-fruit
When Mr. Blaine's elected.

HIS GRAMMAR-LESSON.

It was eleven o'clock on a beautiful Spring morning, and the sun was shooting its rays through the windows on the heads of the little boys in Public School No. 999, when the teacher called up the grammar-class.

"Now, Johnny," said the old pedagogue, as he drew his bandanna handkerchief across his forehead, threw his head back and looked down on the class through the spectacles that hung on the terminus of his nose: "what is a noun?"

"Dunno," answered Johnny.

"What is an adverb?"

"Dunno nothin' about it," replied Johnny, looking sheepish.

"Why don't you know?" demanded the festive preceptor.

"Coz I was a-playin' ball with the new boy that just come to live in our street."

"But don't you recollect some of the things I taught you?" roared the teacher.

"Dunno; but I'll try," was the response.

"Well, then, go ahead; see what you can remember about pronouns."

"All right. Nominative—you; objective—was; possessive—ain't."

"That won't do at all, Johnny."

"Please, sir, I'll try again. Pronouns agree with their interjections in orthography, syntax and conjunctions."

"No, no; that isn't right. Let me hear you decline the verb *to run*."

"I run; he run; let him run. I shall or won't run; he will run; they don't know how to run."

"That's wrong. It won't do at all. Do you think you can parse a sentence?"

"Dunno."

"Parse this: 'Can the Republican Party sweep the country, no matter what candidates it nominates?'"

"Can, a noun, used for fetching beer. *The*, a verb, qualifying sweep. *Republican*, a pronoun, which is likely to get pretty sick, because the *Party* don't agree with it. *Sweep*, a preposition, generally qualifying stakes. *The*, a preposition which don't amount to much. *Country*, a place people go to when it's hot and there are lots of 'skeeters. *No*, a verb; also a word used when you don't want to do nothin'. *Matter*, I dunno. *What*, I dunno. *Candidates*, I guess—I know they ain't nouns, anyway. *It*, an article. *Nominates*, a noun that runs very well with candidates."

"Good for you, Johnny! You ain't such a bad scholar, after all. I guess you'll be a United States Senator one of these days, and will have a nice mahogany desk of your own, with a clerk all to yourself to write all your love-letters and shine your boots. And then, perhaps, you may be able to run for President."

This is stated to be a leaf from the advance-sheets of the early history of John A. Logan—a work which is to be given away immediately after the election.

THAT LETTER OF ACCEPTANCE.

THE BLAINIACS EX-BLAINE.

[Copyrighted 1884.]

To the Editor of PUCK—Sir:

I didn't write no such letter as you published in PUCK for Jim Blane which wasnt wrote by me. You look at the *Congressional Record* and see if such speeches as I speak which I always do so that most people with any horse-sense can see what I mean easy and if the *Congressional Record* man would put in my gestures which I make when I speak there couldnt never be no mistake anyhow about what I mean ever and that letter isnt. It hadnt ought to make no matter so long as people knows what you say whatever you had meant to have meant and if I wrote a letter for Jim Blane the *Congressional Record* man hed have fixed it better than you could. You dont know what I mean no better than G Frisbie Hoar or any of them fellows. I got a clerk under that Senate resolution but he ain't no good because he dont know grammar as he was a worker in Sangamon County and I had to put him in to make it solid with some men there but I'm learning him—that is me and the *Congressional Record* man is learning him together

Yours

J A L—N

LETTER No 2.

To the Editor of PUCK—Sir:

He didn't write that letter. Nobody ever wrote any letters. The only letter I'm going to write Gail H—n is writing. There never were any letters; and if there were, they don't mean what you think they do.

Yours,

J. G. B—E.

LETTER No. 3. [Received by Messenger.]

TRIBUNE OFFICE,
June, 1884.

Of course you understand what Mr. L—n means, you hateful thing, and me and G—l H—n and the rest of the girls think you are *real horrid* to print a letter about so delicate a subject. When any one accepts, she should *just whisper* it under her collar, and have it for a dear sweet secret for her oney doney self.

WHITIE R—D.

TELEGRAM.

Cipher.—To Ch—rm—n N—t—n—l R—p—bl—c—n C—mm—tt—:

For heaven's sake bottle L—n. No one knows what his letter means, and it may give us away. Where the deuce is Fleps?

J. G. B.

TELEGRAM.

To PUCK, New York:

I mail herewith complete and true explanation of L—n's letter, with glossary and index. Please use at once and send bill.

WILLWALLY FLEPS.

TELEGRAM.

To Willwally Fleps, Englewood, N. J.:

We have used your explanation, and forward bill as desired.

PUCK.

THE BILL.

P. MCSWEGAN,
Dealer in Bottles, Junk, &c.,
To PUCK, Dr.

To 13 pounds paper and documents @
2 cents.....\$ 0.26

Received payment.

PUCK.

WE HAVE BEEN THERE.



TALK ABOUT THE DANGER FROM IRISH DYNAMITE! YOU OUGHT TO LIVE UP IN HARLEM, WHERE BLASTING IS GOING ON ALL THE TIME.

THE REAL INDEPENDENCE.



Not having anything to say in denial of the many charges of official immorality brought against their candidate, Mr. Blaine's friends take refuge in wild prophecies of woe and wrath to come for all who will not fall into line under the dishonored banner.

"We shall elect Blaine," they say: "and then where will you be?"

Now let us have this thing clearly understood. If you elect Blaine in November—if you elect him ten times over—we shall stand just where we stand to-day, just where we stood four years ago, and where we mean to stand so long as we can tell the difference between white and black, truth and a lie, honesty and corruption.

Mr. Blaine will not be one whit cleaner if he is elected. It will not make our right a wrong if we are defeated. We shall not ko-tow to Mr. Blaine, and we shall not sit down and wail over our discomfiture.

Mind you, we do not think Mr. Blaine will be elected. We do not think that the sober second-sense of the country will allow the perpetration of such an outrage on decency. But the question of the success or failure of our opposition to a candidate whom we knew to be bad was a question that we did not take into consideration when we shaped our course. We have no sympathy with the men who will fight only when victory is assured. This is one of the meanest forms of cowardice. A man must have something to fear in himself who is afraid to be alone. We shall do our best to win the fight; if we do not—the war is not over, and never can be over while the bare principles of honesty and decency exist.

Whatever may come, PUCK will remain an Independent Paper. It belongs to no party, to no sect. Mr. Jackson S. Schultz said lately that he was willing to join four or five gentlemen in an Independent Party. PUCK has been for seven years an Independent Party of one.

But though we have no closer connection with them, our sympathies are heartily with those men who have risen up to make their protest against the election of the worst pair of candidates the Republican Party has ever entered in a contest for the Presidency. They may call themselves Independents or Independent Republicans; they are certainly doing a good work, and we hope they may receive their reward in November, in the consciousness of having saved the country from a great disgrace.

We more than hope, indeed; we feel assured that the maniac epidemic which seized upon the country will abate and pass away before the first frosts of September can nip it. It is too unnatural a thing to last. It is untimely born, and the chances are that it will spend its life in noise, and do no serious harm.

* * *
The Independents of Boston have organized in opposition to James G. Blaine, and are ready to cast their votes and their influence for any honest and reputable man nominated by the Democrats—Cleveland preferred. These Boston men are a manly, earnest lot; intelligent and active. They are of all ages, and of no one class in society. But they work well together; nobody can reproach them with being dandies or triflers; and they are bound to do some good before they get through.

Not so much can be said for the Independents of New York. They have shown very little promptness and decision in organizing; and they certainly have not caught popular enthusiasm at its warmest point.

Of course, this only means that they must work harder

hereafter than they need have worked had they taken hold sooner. It does not mean that they have really lost ground—if they are in earnest.

They have issued a call for a general conference, to be held after the Democratic nominations are made, to decide upon their course of action. And we hope it will be a course of *action*. This is no time for shillyshallying; no time for hesitating and hanging back in the fear of doing something indiscreet. The indiscretion of enthusiasm is far better than the small wisdom of the half-hearted. These men must not be afraid to be called young and rash. They must pay no attention to the considerations of self-interest urged by those who are afraid to go with them into the fight and take the chances of the strange situations which may arise as well from victory as from defeat. They must not stop to split hairs over fine phrases or trivial movements. They must learn how to weld individual determination into united action. They must see their path before them and take it. They can not afford to wait for any leader with a lukewarm spirit. He who goes not forward blocks the march.

When they meet in conference, they must see that it is a conference that they are holding, and not an oratorical picnic where certain favored conversationalists may display their gifts. It must not be a "conference" of two hours of talk to ten minutes of work. Brave words alone will not win this fight.

It lies with the Independent voters at large to make the men in control of the Independent organization understand that vigorous and earnest action is expected of them; that there must be no dallying with old affiliations and prejudices, and that if they win the confidence of the people, they will have ample and enthusiastic support in the noble work they have set themselves to do.

Answers for the Anxious.

G. B.—No.

L. S. LEE.—You have got to wait your turn. You are the seven hundred and seventy-seventh man who has come in with that "chill Blaine" joke since the sixth of June. It is running "Abou Ben Butler" pretty hard.

BURGUNDIAN.—Do we know of any guide to the poetry business? No, we don't. And if we did, we should tie a millstone about its neck and drown it in the depths of the sea. No, no, dear boy, believe us—the path of poetry leads but to the grave.

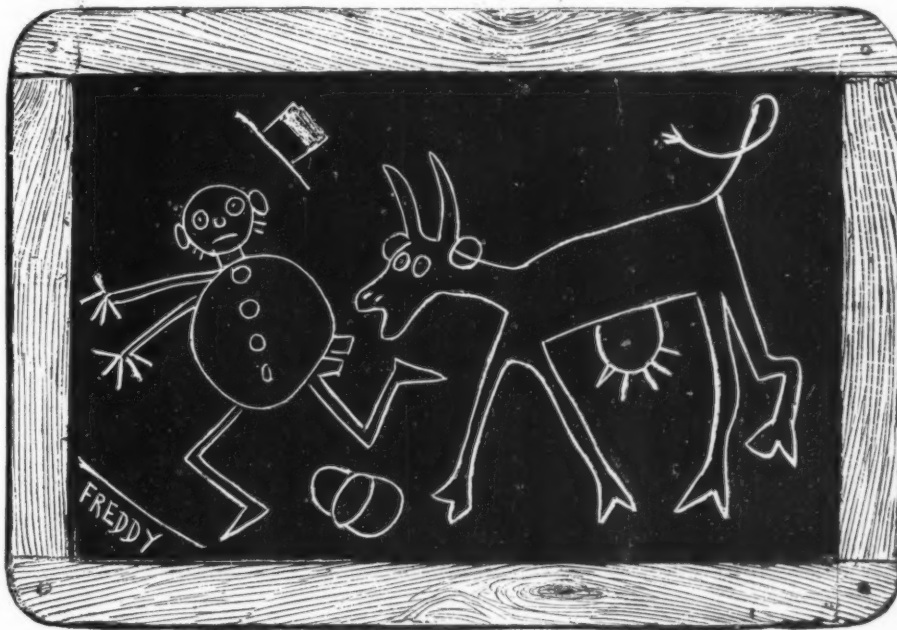
A SUBSCRIBER.—No, not at one impression—three or four, or even five, as the case may be. We can't describe the whole process, being only a weekly paper, and not an encyclopædia and a directory and patent-office report combined; but any lithographer can show you in about ten minutes enough of the process to puzzle you for a month to come.

THE Philadelphia Press compares James G. Blaine with Jefferson. We sha'n't know if the comparison holds good until we see if Mr. Blaine hitches his horse to a fence near the Capitol on Inauguration Day.

James G. Blaine,
Of the State of Maine,
Do you feel a shock
And a chill of awe

When you think of Little Rock, Little Rock, Little Rock, Little Rock and Arkansas?

You may whitewash and tone up your name if you will, But the scent of the guano will cling to you still.

FREDDY'S SLATE
AND HIS LITTLE LETTER TO THE EDITOR.

newyorkjunetwentifor

dear puck

my car Toon this weak reppresence a picknic wich We went on las weak my sissters gott Up the picknic an sum Of thare bouse went A long

my sisster mord hatter leve wun Of her bouse behind she tooke The bysicle bo be corse he has bin kinder ejjin off laightly he feals brocup corse she Sor him standen on his hed off a bysicle

we hadd ded lodes Of fun if jim jonson had bin A long i shoud hav hadd moar fun mabee but It was goud enuf Eney weighs i have dornn you A picshur of my sisster gennys bo A runnin a weigh from the cow the cow gott Affter him bee corse his balled hed was Sow red she

thort it was a Red rag i thort onley buls ran Att red rage but i gess this Cow thort she was A bul

attennyrat shee went four him Red hott an you orterav scene him run he ran sow hard he spild The lunch bass kit an i gott a weigh with moast off it

my sisster mord jus looked on an ced how rediculus o my

no moar At pressent frum

youters for fun

freddy

p s cen bac my slaight quik four exammanacion tiem is comen Rownd livly an i mus get brased upp on my rithmatic i am orl rite on my spelin



HIS BOASTED MAGNETISM—AND THE K



ND THE KIND OF METAL IT ATTRACTS.

FREE LUNCH.

WE ARE informed by one of our crepuscular exchanges that small boys who can not row should not be allowed in boats. Then, we ask, why is Courtney allowed in a boat to row? But, come to think of it, he never rows, and that only strengthens the argument that he should be allowed under no circumstances to enter a boat unless accompanied by his nurse.

IT IS this time of the year that a young man despises a discharge most, no matter what his position may be. Because at this time his vacation comes along, and he doesn't like to lose his place before and be swindled out of it. The young man should brace up and think, and he will see that by losing his place he gets more vacation than ever. He gets fifty-two weeks to the year; whereas, if he works, he only gets two weeks per annum. Claudius, bring in a plain lemonade, that we may celebrate our philosophy in the flowing goblet.

THE REPUBLICAN NOMINATIONS.

[See the London Times.]

The Republican-Greenbackers have nominated in Convention Mr. George Q. Blane, of the Territory of Maine, New Hampshire, as President of the United States of America. We are free to confess that, provided no insuperable obstacle intervenes, the possibilities of Mr. George Q. Blane's occupying the seat of Washington and Clay are not inconceivably remote. The foreign and fiscal policy of Mr. Blane, during the time he filled the office of Mayor and Governor of the Counties of New York and New Jersey, gave universal satisfaction to the Loco Foco Party and the right wing of the Whig Readjusters, although it was strenuously opposed by that veteran statesman, George Franko Train, and his followers.

Mr. Blane first saw the light in the year of our Lord 1801, in the village of Chicago, near the City of Milwaukee. At that time Milwaukee and Chicago were under Spanish government, and young Blane distinguished himself in many encounters with the subjects of Her Most Catholic Majesty. In 1864 the rising young statesman came on to New York, with a view of suppressing a revolt of the Sioux Indians which had broken out in Broadway. He soon put them to rout. On the motion of Senator Mulligan, of the House of Senators, Mr. Blane, for his bravery and brilliant strategy, was raised to the dignity of Presidential Elector. A deplorable misunderstanding soon after arose between Senator Mulligan and Mr. Blane, and an acrid correspondence was carried on between the two gentlemen, which resulted in the letters being ordered to be burned by the common hangman of the White House Mansion.

Mr. Blane graduated with honor at the National United States Electoral College, and had the degree of LL. D. conferred upon him June 19th, 1884. By a provision of the Civil Rights Act, no one can be a candidate for President of the Republican-Independent Party without this title.

MR. KINTNER FAILS TO EXPLAIN.

DEPARTMENT OF THE INTERIOR,
UNITED STATES PATENT OFFICE,
WASHINGTON, D. C., June 18, 1884.

To the Editor of PUCK—Sir:

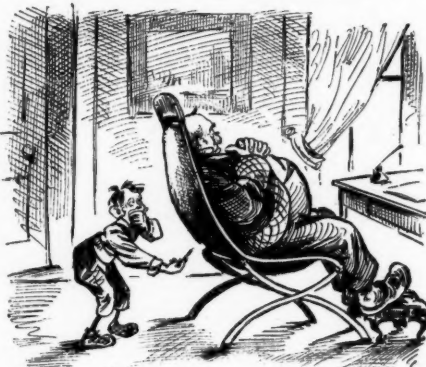
My attention has been called to the somewhat unique bit of free advertising given me in your last issue, wherein you copy a letter of recommendation given by me to one of my assistants, lately resigned, and also to your comments thereon. I inclose herewith copies of similar circulars, and beg to advise you that this practice

of issuing commendatory letters of this nature has been in vogue for at least twenty years; and I am sure, on sober second thought, you can find no objection to it, for experience has proven that those who graduate from this office as experts and practitioners are far above the average in the profession. I am not solicitous of further "Puckerings"; but trust you will do me the favor to set me right before the public, since you have, no doubt unwittingly, accused me of an unofficial act. I beg to remain very respectfully Yours, etc.,

C. J. KINTNER,
Examiner Class of Electricity, U. S. P. O.

Mr. Kintner's inclosures do not make his case any better. They are circulars issued by solicitors of patents who have been employed in the Patent Office, and have got testimonials to their good character and ability while in office, which they reprint, as they have a right to. But in none of these documents is there anything like the performance of Mr. Kintner, who, a Patent Office Examiner—a judge of patent claims—permits a lawyer to make public a circular addressed "to whom it may concern," signed C. J. Kintner, and containing the following: "I trust that electrical inventors especially will find it convenient to intrust him with such of their business as they conveniently can."

A SON'S MISCALCULATIONS.



"Wait till yer see me fool de ole man."



"Do yer think he got ont'er me?"



"I should smile!"

THE OUTLOOK.

"Are you going to have a pretty lively season this year?" asked a man of a hotel-keeper who stood in his door-way, looking out across the curling waves that danced and sparkled in the morning sun.

"I expect to barrel money this Summer," replied the hotel-man, as he took off his spectacles and wiped them carefully with a large red handkerchief: "You see," he continued: "I have had the place fixed up and repainted throughout. I have had new billiard-tables and pianos put in, and had the small rooms on the top floor brought down nearer the ground and fixed so they will be cooler. I am also going to have ice-water in every room, and an electric-light on the lawn near the fountain, and another on the shirt-front of the head clerk. Expect to have a lively season, eh? Well, I just guess I do. I am going to have the best cornet-player in the land, and the pagoda for the band is going to be something that will open your eyes. It is to be lined entirely with old-gold. When the cornetist plays he is to stand on a cardinal mat with a gold fringe, upon the back of a sacred elephant."

"Any other attractions?"

"Yes," replied the hotel-man, cheerfully: "you can bet there are. I am going to have bartenders who will give you less than a barrel of ice, and more than a spoonful to drink, in a glass of lemonade. And I am going to have porters who can throw your trunk upstairs or down, or roll it around, or drop it, without making a break or disturbing the stuffings. I am going to have private detectives who will occasionally capture a stray diamond-thief, and there will be a hop every evening. I am going to have athletic contests, too. And the whiskey sold over the bar will not have the flavor of carriage-varnish about it. Besides, the man employed to go into the surf to save people who may get beyond their depth will know how to swim, and not be afraid to rescue any drowning person."

"How about the sea-serpent?" asked the stranger: "Is there going to be any sea-serpent this year?"

"I just think there is," replied the hotel-keeper, enthusiastically: "I just think there is; and he is going to be twice the size of the one I had last year."

"Do you have a different one every Summer?"

"No, I usually use one for three Summers. It is always cheaper to get an expensive one. Last month I went down in the cellar to take a look at the sea-serpent used here for the past two Summers, and found that he was all moth-eaten, and that a lot of sand had worked in through the key-hole and got mixed up with the machinery. So I sent right up to Meriden, Conn., and ordered a new one eighty feet long to be made especially for this place. He is light-red, to show plainly in the water, and his eyes and mouth are a bright yellow. At night he is phosphorescent, that he may be seen a great way off. He is made to lift his head twenty feet high, and scud along at the rate of ten miles an hour. My men take him out in a boat, and wind him up, and throw him overboard, and then the people on shore go wild over the peerless phenomenon. A rope connects the sea-serpent to the boat, that he may not be lost. The appearance of the sea-serpent is always an indication of hot weather, and brings the people down in swarms. I will see you later," said the hotel-man: "I have got to go in and give the bar-tenders orders about watering up the liquors, so that I may make a profit of five or six hundred per cent."

And he suddenly fled through the door over which hung the golden legend, "Sample-Room."

R. K. M.

AT SHADOW-TIME.

Bright day, thy long, warm, dreamful hours have been
A single golden thread in Summer's dress
That seems more tinged with yellow loveliness,
And with more subtle beauty woven in.
I lie 'mong flowers more white than Hebe's chin—
And blushful ones, but splendid none the less—
And, as the lusty, giant shadows press
The light to death, a woof of fancy spin.

O June Perfection, has there been a thing
In the fair history of thy "past and done"
That has not been as soft as gentle rain—
As passionless? Yet, stop! My memories bring
One wretched thought to me—a horrid one!—
A journal's campaign cut of James G. Blaine.

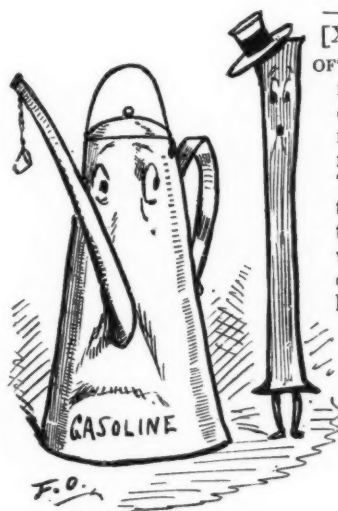
EDWARD WICK.

MAN.

Man that is born of a woman is small potatoes and few in the hill.
He riseth up to-day and flourisheth like a rag-weed, and to-morrow
or the day after the undertaker has him in the ice-box.
He goeth forth in the morning warbling like the lark, and is knocked
out in one round and two seconds.
In the midst of life he is in debt, and the tax-collector pursueth
him wherever he goeth.
The banister of life is full of splinters, and he slideth down it with
considerable rapidity.
He walketh forth in the bright sunlight to absorb ozone, and meet-
eth the bank-teller with a sight-draft for \$357.
He cometh home at eventide and meeteth the wheelbarrow in his
path, and the wheelbarrow riseth up and smiteth him to the earth, and
falleth upon him and runneth one of its legs into his ear.
In the gentle Spring-time he putteth on his Summer clothes, and a
blizzard striketh him far away from home, and filleteth him with woe and
rheumatism.
He layeth up riches in the bank, and the president speculateth in
margins and then goeth to Canada for his health.
In the Autumn he putteth on his Winter trousers, and a wasp that
abideth in them filleteth him full of intense excitement.
He starteth down-cellar with an oleander, and goeth first hastily,
and the oleander cometh after him and sitteth upon him.
He sitteth up all night to get the returns from Ohio, and in the end
learneth that the other fellows have carried it.
He buyeth a watch-dog, and when he cometh home late from the
lodge the watch-dog treeth him and sitteth beneath him until rosy
morn.
He goeth to the horse-trot and betteth his money on the brown
mare, and the bay gelding with a blaze face winneth.
He marieth a red-headed heiress with a wart on her nose, and the
next day her paternal ancestor goeth under, with few assets and great
liabilities, and cometh home to live with his beloved son-in-law.

SCOTT WAY.

A CHEAP STOVE.



[XVII.]

OFTEN WONDER that more people do
not keep a gasoline-stove in the kit-
chen. It is such a comfort and such a
never-failing source of economy and
neatness, reliability and simplicity.
The general superintendent of my es-
tablishment decided several years ago
to secure one while on a trip East. It
was sent up for trial at a cost of 25
cents for drayage. A gallon of gaso-
line was used in the experiment; but
it was a successful experiment, and
the stove was taken West. This, I
think, was in the Summer of 1882.
The freight West on the Concert
Grand stove which we bought was
\$3.85, and two drayages of 25 cents
each. We set it up in the kitchen,
and bought several gallons of gaso-
line at \$1 a gallon. Gasoline comes
high in the mountain towers of Wy-

oming. I think we used \$5 worth of gasoline, and did 73 cents' worth

of cooking during that Fall; and in the Winter we took it to Greeley
with us, not so much to cook oysters with, but as a kind of companion.
The two drayages were 50 cents and the express charges \$2.75. At
Greeley we bought a gallon of gasoline for a dollar, and it evapor-
ated while we were sending to Chicago for a new burner.

We then shipped it back home at a cost of \$3.25, including drayage,
and got it gummed up so with poor gasoline that we couldn't use it any
more that season. In 1883 we took it East once more, not so much to
cook with, but because it was so handy to iron with, the girl said, and
made so little heat in that part of the house in the Summer. The freight
and drayage were \$4.35, and the tag got torn off at Council Bluffs, so
that I came very near losing it. It spent the Summer and Autumn of
1883 at Council Bluffs, and touring through Iowa, at an expense of \$3.25
more. When it arrived at its destination it was badly gummed up and
needed cleaning very much. We had been unable to keep house with-
out it, and I was determined that as soon as possible it should be once
more in running order.

Drayage, 50 cents. Repairs and cleaning, \$2. I think the stove
has cost us now \$43.75, or thereabouts, and we have cooked one cake
with a hole in it, two oyster-stews for a church sociable, and oiled the
seats of two pairs of pantaloons, worth \$9 per pair. We have also lost
two good cooks by reason of it, and I know that I get further and further
from the kingdom of heaven every day we keep that stove in the house.
It is economical, I know; no one will dispute that part of it for a moment.
We save in time and fuel, of course; but do we not lose it on drayage?
Where we gain at one point, do we not lose at another?

A gasoline-stove is a miracle of utility and docility, however. It
is like my celebrated mule. He earned a noble place in the hearts of
men by twenty years of unswerving integrity. He never stepped aside
from the beaten way for twenty years. He went through nearly a
quarter of a century wearing a pious smile, in order that he might kick
a little girl from Sherrod's addition clear across the stock-yards.

I have set this stove with the alarm on 10.30 A. M., and it is about
that time now. We have a girl this Summer who gets mad when I in-
vite a friend home to dinner. She also stays mad two weeks. She is
freckled. The freckles on the bridge of her nose look like a study in
bran-mash.



Hark! * * * *

Excuse me a moment. I heard a noise just then in the kitchen,
and three freckles have spattered up against the window-pane.

I fear me that all is not well. I have a vague foreboding that some
ill has befallen the feed department. Mayhap the girl and the gaso-
line-stove have grappled with each other. I will go down and see if I
can ascertain.

BILL NYE.

No, ALTHEA SAMANTHA, it is not pronounced *gu-an-no*; but very
nearly *gwahno*. It is a foreign production, and much less useful here
than good American phosphates or plain old barn-yard manure. It
stimulates to a rank and corrupt growth, and it is generally offensive.
No, dear, there isn't the slightest use for it on the White House
grounds. No, not now, nor next November, neither.

"CAN A MAN be a Christian and *not* be an active politician in a
republic?" is the subject for one of *The Continent's* prize essays. We
don't know about the active politician; but it seems difficult for a man
to be a Christian without being an absorbing bank-president or cashier.

DOG READERS.

The world has long been tormented with this seemingly simple conundrum: "Can a duck swim?" There can be little doubt in the mind of the average man, woman or child regarding the natatorial qualifications of the duck. Because most people have detected the duck in the very act of swimming. And those who have not led a bucolic life have probably been told that ducks can and do swim; or else they have learned it from the pages of natural history.

The only amphibious creature that can not swim is the man who is employed to remain in the surf to save persons who have inadvertently ventured beyond their depth.

But this is irrelevant. What we started out to do was to quote a familiar conundrum, and then state that another of a similar, but more complex nature has been propounded by Sir John Lubbock, in a recent letter to the London *Spectator*, to wit, namely, *videlicet*, as follows:

"Can a Dog Read?"

We never heard a dog read, and, therefore, feel inclined to imagine he can not. But if he can read, he should be made to read for the benefit of man. Of course we should not care to see them become professional elocutionists. It might, no doubt, be interesting to hear a greyhound recite "The Raven," or a Scotch terrier do "The Battle of Flodden." But, after all, this would not do; because just so soon as dogs should gain recognition as readers, they would be seized with a wild, irresistible ambition to become actors.

Now, a bull-dog as *Spartacus*, or a Spaniel as *Hamlet* might be a rare treat to theatre-goers. But what would be the result? Why, some English poodle would come over here as a phenomenal *Toodles*, and go away and write a book of impressions.

Dogs would then spend all their time in the public libraries, and even coach-dogs would get into his study, and sit there all day and all night reading, and forget to watch. And the dogs would probably wear their eyes out, and have to resort to eye-glasses, like New England school-mistresses and poetesses generally.

It might lead to an increase of circulation in many of the papers, and also to dogs becoming divided in political opinions.

It would not be at all strange, in such a case, for a dog to post himself during his master's absence, and be the means of causing the said master to change his candidate.

Dogs would also gain an additional value, because they could lie right on an invalid's couch, and cheer the invalid up by reading him poetry. And they might read "Mother Goose" to children, and by so doing form a stronger and more lasting friendship between them.

Instead of running around among ash-barrels, the intelligent dog could sit down and read Spenser or Chaucer, or could give lessons in reading to such persons as Henry Irving and Lawrence Barrett.

Then they could lie in front of a bulletin-board, get the latest news, run home with it, and save their masters the price of the paper. They could also be used in newspaper offices to examine manuscripts. And they would likewise make good proof-readers. At least, they could not be worse than the average proof-reader, and it is hardly likely that they would make mistakes worse than those already on record. At least, they wouldn't make the poet sing, in his "Spanish Serenade," of the ardent young lover who trilled love-songs, to the tender accompaniment of his *guitre*, instead of *guitar*.

And when they read of the dog-pound, or of dogs lost and stolen, they might be able to

A NEW APPLICATION.



"AGE BEFORE BEAUTY."

profit by it in more ways than one. Dogs of more than ordinary executive ability and linguistic dogs might lead their unlettered and illiterate brethren into the poundman's hands, and thus become decoy-dogs. They could also take stray dogs to their owners, and secure the reward.

Sir John Lubbock is teaching his dog to read, and with fine progress. We think that Sir John should start a night-school for dogs, and teach numbers of them to read. These dogs, when proficient, could go into the colliery districts, where the people can not read, and teach them. They might also be sent to Africa as missionaries by the Bible Societies; and, after a while, the dog proving the most successful in converting the heathen, providing he could return uneaten, might have his picture in the London *News* and be knighted, and become Sir Ponto Smith, Bart., and eventually be raised to the peerage as Baron Fido; or the Earl of Jack and Baron of Fidget.

Then dogs would gradually become pious, and the county curate might dream in his hammock on Sunday, and have the dog read his sermon to the congregation. He might also leave his barrel of sermons in the canine's care to deliver, while he, the clergyman, is traveling for his health in the Holy Land.

These are all the arguments that we can make out of Sir John Lubbock's letter. We trust that he may have great success, and that he will first make the dogs read and learn by heart "Paley's Sermons."

R. K. M.

JOHN L. SULLIVAN has returned to Boston from his triumphal tour across the Continent. It is understood that Mr. Sullivan will lecture this year before the Concord School of Philosophy on "The Whattness of the Finite Henceforth; or, the Ultimate Environment of the Protoplasmic Germ; a Monograph in Four Rounds."—*Louisville Courier-Journal*.

A YOUNG gentleman from Higbee, while calling on his girl here, asked for her hand and heart and was accepted. He told her that he had something on his mind for a long time, but was afraid she would get mad. She wanted to know what it was then, and he made her promise not to get mad. Says he:

"I have two brothers in the Penitentiary."

"That's nothing," replied she: "I have two brothers in the Arkansas Legislature."—*Boonville Topic*.

He was only a boy. He had taken the softest seat in the room, hung his cap on the floor, and was buried six feet deep in a wild Indian noveline, when his mother's voice rang like a war-whoop through the air:

"J-o-h-n H-e-n-n-e-r-y!"

He was reading just then, with all the sweet abandon of his years, this thrilling passage:

"Clad in a checked suit and a Colt's revolver, he climbed on the table, and in five minutes he had cleaned out the entire ranch. The Indians were so thrilled and awe-struck by his youthful bearing that they allowed him to capture them on the spot, and he marched them all, single-handed, to the impromptu dungeon in the rear of the cow-shed—"

"J-o-h-n H-e-n-n-e-r-y!"

"The Governor of the State heard of the brave boy's action, and sent him a letter of thanks containing a check for a thousand dollars and a silver-plated shield with—"

At this moment something struck John Henry's ear, lifted him easily from his seat, and transferred him bodily to the pantry, where he was confronted with a tin milk-kettle.

"You go over to the grocery, young man, and get me two quarts of milk, and if you ain't back in five minutes by the clock, you'll think a hull band of Comanchy Injuns are after you."

He went. His dream of a peaceful and beautiful border life was rudely shattered; but such is the wonderful elasticity of the raw boy that he had won a bet on a dog-fight in the alley, and made an engagement to sail as first mate on a private river-craft, and was back on time with that milk. Taking things easy is one of the natural perquisites of pure unadulterated boyhood.—*Detroit Free Press*.

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When she was a Child, she cried for CASTORIA.
When she became Miss, she clung to CASTORIA.
When she had Children, she gave them CASTORIA.

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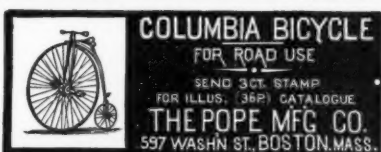
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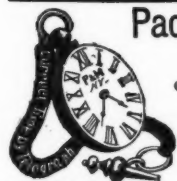


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—plume.

CANTO II.

—loom.

CANTO III.

—boom.

CANTO IV.

—flume!

CANTO V.

—gloom.

—Rochester Post-Express.

A STRANGER in Chicago had his watch snatched from his pocket by a thief, and the man drew a revolver and fired at the thief. The man was arrested and fined eighty-five dollars for carrying concealed weapons, and shooting within the city limits. It would have been money in his pocket if he had compromised with the thief by calling him back and giving the revolver and fifty dollars in cash in addition to the watch, and said nothing about it. Strangers ought to learn that it is not right to shoot at a highway robber. The Chicago justice who assessed that fine ought to be robbed by a highwayman the first time he goes out-doors.—*Peck's Sun*.

WHEN woman secures all her rights, the right of serving on the jury will of course be included. It will be a blessed thing for the men folk in case of breach of promise. The sex won't get any sympathy from the dear creatures, unless they change mightily from what they are now.—*Boston Transcript*.

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A SUMMER IDYL.

Now shy
And bashful lovers sit upon the stoop
And sweetly spoon,
While downward Summer's first mosquitos
swoop

With weird, low tune,
And high
And higher up the sapphire skies
She climbs the moon,
And eyes look love to loving eyes,
And sigh greets sigh.

The frog
A nocturne warbles to his listening mate
In accents low,
The youth perceives the hour is growing late,
And he must go,
Yes, jog.
He kisses her a wild good-by;
Meanwhile, oh, woe!
An irate pa, with angry eye,
Lets loose the dog.

Few moons
E'er gazed upon so harrowing a sight
With smiling face;
A youth, wild yelling, flying with afright,
A dog in chase.
Still croons
The frog within the sedgy pool,
While from the race
The dog returns with mouth crammed full
Of pantaloons.

—Somerville Journal.

WORKMEN, while tearing down a building in
a Jersey town recently, found a violin that once
belonged to Tom Paine, the infidel. The fact
that the infidel crop among the oldest inhabit-
ants in the town is very small is taken as proof
that Paine didn't play much on the violin in
that neighborhood. If he had, it is probable
that his skeleton would have been found along-
side of his fiddle.—*Norristown Herald.*

A ST. LOUIS newspaper man killed himself
last week by taking some rat-poison. One of
the first things a newspaper man should learn is
not to take everything that is offered him on
advertising. A dozen different makers of rat-
poison have wanted us to take their poison on
advertising, but couldn't catch us.—*Peck's Sun.*

No, my son, do not laugh at a young woman
because she can not throw a stone with accu-
racy. When you shall have married her, you
may find that her awkwardness in propelling
missiles is her chief charm.—*Boston Transcript.*

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